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For the Myrtle.

Judge Not.

I WALK adown the crowded street,
The beggar girl and the rich I meet,
On this cold and dreary morn;
But which will wear the robe of white
When they pass forever from mortal sight
O, which will wear the crown?
Our Father knows.

I note that on the beggar's ace
Deep sorrow and care have left their trace,
And thin is the robe she wears;
Uncovered, the hands so cold and blue,
And toes peep through the worn-out shoe, —
O, who for this outcast cares?
Our Father does.

But on the rich one's haughty brow
A shade of scorn is resting now,
That mars her beauty bright;
As she shrinks from the ragged child
That walks the street in the storm so wild,
On which did a Father's sight
Look down with love?

Was it because of the silken dress?
Was it because of the pearl-bound tress,
Or the jewel-covered hand?
O, who will note this golden foil
When we, disrobed of the mortal coil,
In our Father's house shall stand?
The Heaven above.

It is not for throne or sceptre he cares,
He will not exalt the one who wears
On earth the garb most bright;
But only the true and pure in mind
Will in the heavenly mansion find
The crown and the robe of white:
The gift of love.

And we who have prized life's golden crust
Will find it moulders away as dust,
When death lays the body low;
For we must leave the treasures of life
When we pass at last through the mortal strife
And into eternity go;
The realms above.

But there is a river whose ceaseless flow
Shall purify us from sin and woe,
'Tis the river of peace and love;
Its crystal waters shall lave the brow,
And give us a joy we know not now
In the blissful sphere above;
Our Father land.

And so when we cross the swelling tide,
And moor our barques on the other side,
Though our robes may not be white
By deeds of love, we may cleanse each stain
And make them spotless and fit again
To dwell in that world of light;
An angel band.

So we should not judge of those we meet,
For we know not but their hearts may beat
With a purer love than ours;
But remember that when this life is past,
And we are free from its maze at last,
We'll be judged by higher powers;
The powers of God.

Eva J. Stickney.

Rally for the Right, Boys.

LIKE a soldier brave his land to save,
Courage high and armor bright;
Push with vigor on, and with your might,
Now rally for the right boys, rally.

Chorus.—Virtue your watchword, march firmly onward,
From wisdom's path ne'er stray,
Angels from above will watch with love,
Then rally for the right, boys, rally.

Forward to the fight, strong in the right,
Fiercely must the battle rage;
Vic'try will be ours, if we engage
To rally for the right, boys, rally.

When the conflict's o'er, on Jordan's shore,
Numbered with the vet'ran band,
In our Captain's ranks we hope to stand,
So rally for the right, boys, rally.

From the Student and Schoolmate.

Our Concert in Luckytown.

I AM willing to leave it for the children to decide, if a story which is all true isn't *ever* so much better than one "made up." I know it is. Don't the young ones always say in one breath, when the story ends, "Was it really? Tell us another, please." If this story isn't pretty, it is at least *all true.* Just as true as truth, or George Washington, or that you like candy. And the place where the story took place is pretty, I am sure. Way down in Georgia, where the flowers bloom all the year round, there was a green bank, and on it tall pine trees, and by it a little brook, which the children called a "branch."

On the bank, under the trees, and by the brook one beautiful spring morning, we gathered a little Sabbath School. Not but what there were Sabbath Schools enough in the city, but out here in Luckytown the people were miserably poor, and ignorant, and wicked. Their cabins were worse than any you have ever seen in the North. They were too proud to go to Sabbath School in rags, and too lazy to go far, so we took Sabbath School to them.

The children flocked about, delighted to see us, bringing seats and bouquets of wild flowers. Like most colored people (for Luckytown is colored) they sang nicely. That first day we taught them a beautiful Bible verse, and the hymn "Jesus Loves Me," and found they learned very quickly. We dismissed them with a picture paper for each, and the caution to remember the day, and be very good. But ah me! scarcely had the children run down the bank when word came up that the boys were fighting. The quarrel was begun by a boy most inappropriately named "Love Rogers."

But though our pupils were brimful of mischief, they improved very fast. Some were mere infants. Several boys had to recite with a baby in their arms, whose cooing and crying mingled with our exercises. One wee mite of a chick picked a silken pansy worked on a grenadine gown, saying, "Has oo dot on oo pitty dess?"

At length a cabin, the largest and best in the place, was offered us. We were glad to accept it, though obliged to climb in at the door by means of a chair, while the one room within had no windows, being lighted by the door. Most of the scholars sat upon the floor, although some enjoyed the dignity of a settee, *i. e.* a plank laid across two tubs. Poor as the cabin was, it was beautifully clean. We taught the school the story of Jesus, beginning with his birth in Bethlehem. "Jordan," they called "Georgia;" "Herod," "*Mr.* Herod;" and defined "wise men" as being "men who have a heap o' sense." We offered rewards for attendance and good lessons, and after some weeks decided to have a Sabbath School Concert.

Many a scorching day, as we took our long, dusty walk to Luckytown, we had asked, "Does it pay to go on?" But after our concert we had no doubt. The children had learned a good many hymns, which they sang with great spirit, then repeating a simple prayer after the lady superintendent, they reviewed their lessons. We were surprised and delighted. They seemed to remember all we had taught them. They could tell all about the baby in the manger, who was worshipped by the Magi; the boy in the temple questioning the doctors; the man who turned water into wine at the wedding supper, etc., etc. Then we called on our three visitors for a "few remarks."

First, Miss Nellie told a little girl's dream.

The child was walking, and came to a beautiful garden. About it was a thick wall, and at the entrance a large, heavy gate. Within she could see groups of children, dressed in pure white, with golden chains about their necks, playing among birds, flowers and fountains. In the midst was a man, about whom the children gathered, and into whose face they looked continually and lovingly. They seemed so full of life, so happy, so beautiful, that the child longed to enter the garden and join the white-robed children. The man came towards her, and she begged him to take her in with the happy throng, but he told her that could not be, because she had no golden chain. However, he gave her gold dust, of which to make a chain, and a book, giving directions how it should be done, in which was a pictured model or copy, telling her to make one link each day.

Then the child set to work in earnest, looking constantly at the book, and faithfully following its directions, and soon was able to make links very nicely, and her chain grew from day to day. But success made her careless, and she looked

less and less at the copy, until her links became ugly and irregular.

Then the child was discouraged. She feared her chain would never be done, nor she allowed to enter the garden, and she cried bitterly.

As she sat crying and sad, the man came, and asked why she was in tears.

"Oh," she sobbed, "my chain will never be done. I've spoiled a great many links. They get worse and worse, and I can never play with the white-robed children in the garden."

She told him, too, how she had worked without looking into the book, and cried afresh as she declared she was very sorry, and begged him to tell her about it once more.

Then the man comforted her, and passing his hands over the bad links, made them smooth and beautiful, and her tears turned to diamonds as they fell, and glittered in the chain.

Again she took the book, and went patiently to work, till her chain was at last done, and hung about her neck, as she went through the gateway into the garden, where the children gave her hearty welcome, and the man received her with a loving smile.

Now this was an allegory. Can you tell its meaning? The Luckytown children guessed it nearly all. The garden was Heaven, where "thousands of children" gathered; the man the children clustered about and loved, was Jesus; the gold dust, Time; the chain, Life; the links were days, and the book, the Bible.

Wasn't it a beautiful story? The children listened as if they thought so.

Then Miss Samson told of another little girl, who was plagued by a bad spirit called Growley. Whenever the child was naughty, Growley, by pulling some wires, would fill the plump, childish face so full of wrinkles, and scowling lines, and puckers, that the child's mother would scarcely know her. In this dreadful state her face would be fixed until she was good, or called to her aid another spirit named Song. When the little girl was good, and had Song with her, her face was so sweet and pleasant every one loved her. So, whether she grows into an ugly or beautiful woman, depends on whether she listens most to Growley or to Song.

Then our other visitor, Miss Lina, stood up, holding something in her hand.

"What is this, children?"

"A watch."

"Can you hear any sound?"

"Yes, it ticks."

"Can I take this outside part off?"

"Yes."

"And if I took this — we call it the case—off, would the watch still tick?"

"Yes."

"Even if the case was put away in a box?"

"Yes."

Then she explained to them that the part we value is what ticks, while the case is merely to keep that safe, and clean, and ready for use, and that just so that part of us, which loves, and thinks, and feels, is of most value, and will love, think and feel when the case or body is laid away in the grave, begging them to love God, and think and feel as He says we ought, so that when their bodies should be laid away the other part should be happy.

It was time for the school to be dismissed, so we gave them some nice picture cards, bade them good-bye, and went home well-pleased with our concert.

Secretary of the Luckytown S. S.

The Baby's Answer.

WHERE did you come from, baby, dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels at once gave me a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

George Macdonald.

GATHER sunshine about you instead of clouds.

The Young Artist.

HARRY goes to school, where he has learned to draw. He loves drawing so well that he makes pictures whenever he can get a chance. He made so good a picture of his house and garden, that his mother had it framed. It now hangs up in her sitting-room.

Nellie lives in the next house. She had a little kitten, and wanted its picture. So she got Sammy, her brother, to go with her and ask Harry to draw her kitten for her.

Harry said he would. He fixed Nellie and her kitten, and then sat down and went to work. Sammy watched him, and his eyes grew very big as he saw something on the paper that kept looking more and more like a kitty.

In a little while the picture was finished and given to Nellie. How delighted she was! It did look just like her kitty. She ran home to show it to her mother, and tell her that Harry did it.

Nellie will see a great many pictures if she lives; but she will never see one so wonderful as that of her kitty.—*The Dayspring.*

A LITTLE boy, after saying his evening prayer, stood up and said to his irreligious parent: "Now, father, I have said my prayers; have you said yours, or are you *too big to pray?*"

For the Myrtle.

The White Heifer.

MR. WILLS and his hired man, Robert, were away in the maple woods, where they worked at boiling sap sometimes until late in the evening.

On warm, bright days, when there was a good "run" of sap, Mrs. Wills would send Johnny to the woods early in the afternoon with the supper for the men, and after his return she and Johnny would do the work at the barn and sheds, as far as they could, so that not so much would remain after dark for the tired men to do.

But this day Johnny's mother was not well, so she left him to go to the barn alone at night. "'You need not try to do the milking," she said "and above all, do not touch the white heifer."

In fact, the white heifer was a frisky animal, and nobody but the hired man had ever milked her.

But Johnny took the milk-pail as he went out. "We'll see about the white heifer," he said as he marched proudly along, full of the importance of being the man of the house.

Bubby Will and sister Nettie saw him and heard what he said. "I'll bet he'll milk the heifer," says Will, "let's we go and see." So they trotted on to the barn after him.

"Ho, ho!" says Johnny, "'there's no such word as fail,' my reading book says. "Who'll ever be a hero if he runs before a little heifer like this? The idea that a great strong boy like me can't manage you, my beauty!" and he patted the white heifer on the shoulder. She looked around at him with one black eye, and saw that it was not the hired man. But of course she said nothing — only kept watch.

Johnny drew up his milking-stool and sat down, rather softly. Very carefully he reached out to begin his milking.

But no sooner had he touched the white heifer than he saw stars, rockets, and all sorts of queer things. He heard a scream from the stable door and woke up to find himself on his head with the pail flown one way and the stool another, and beside him were Will and Nettie, the former jumping up and down with affright, and the latter looking at him with a white face and saying, "Do you spose he's killed, I say?"

It took Johnny some minutes to know what had happened; for the white heifer stood there as still and innocent, looking as if her feet had never kicked out and sent a small boy tumbling heels over head.

The white heifer did not get milked until the hired man got home; and Johnny went in with a big bump on his head and a hard lesson learned. It was, never be too confident; for there is such a word as fail, after all. White heifers are not the only things that had better be let alone by small boys.

H. A. B.

The Voice in the Twilight.

I WAS sitting alone toward the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

But my thoughts were about the "building,"
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold, and the silver
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won;

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned —
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I *know* I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees *such* building,
He will never let it abide."

Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But O, what a botch she had made it —
The gray mismatching the blue!

And yet — can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love.
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps, as he looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right, —

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

And for the real love that is in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me
Stronger than any command.

Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

Woman's Work for Women.

The Bright Side Out.

FAR away in the gloomy prison of Andersonville, a little drummer-boy was dying. The matted brown hair was pushed back from the white brow, and in his wasted, haggard features, his fond mother, if she had seen him, would scarcely have recognized the handsome, merry-hearted boy, who, a short time before, made pleasant sunshine in her widowed home.

Manly and patiently had he battled with the hardships of his prison life, never complaining and never despairing, but hunger and exposure of every kind had done their work too well, and therefore he could not escape terrible sufferings. But our kind Heavenly Father, who never leaves us here to suffer more than is for our good, sent a gentle messenger, the angel of mercy, to bear his brave spirit to "his house of many mansions."

The blue eyes unclosed, the pale lips moved, and the comrade bent his head to catch his dying words.

"Put the bright side out to mother," he said, and one more prisoner was free.

The faithful comrade bowed his head and wept, and said bitterly to himself, "Alas! what side in this terrible prison life is bright?"

Beyond the gloomy stockade, the drummer boy was laid to rest, and the life of his comrade was spared to tell the sad story to the lonely mother.

Do you not think, in that hour of terrible trial, that it was a great joy to the mother to know that her son was brave, and patient, and true? and that, amid all his sufferings, he remembered her, and wished to spare her all possible pain?

—*Little Corporal.*

A Short Talk on Business.

Dear Myrtle :—I send you this original "Talk on Business," spoken at a Sabbath School Concert, in the Second Universalist Church at Lowell, Mass. :

BUSINESS is a great word in our own land and in all the most wakeful parts of the world. It expresses a great idea. Business signifies employment, something to be done, serious engagement, important occupation.

It was the business of the Great Creator to bring this universe into being. We have reason to believe that he is still employed in the work of creation. He who came as his representative to man, said, "My Father hitherto worketh, and I work:—I must be about my Father's business."

Men on every hand are immersed in business; farmer, mariner, artizan, merchant, lawyer, physician, teacher. They consider themselves bound to business. Often when recreation justly calls them, they have no time to spare. "Business is business, and play is play," they say. Pity it is, however, that business could not often be less of a burden and more of a healthful pleasure. It may be, "in the good time coming."

It was wise and good in the Creator that he made men and women for business, for work, for usefulness. He intended this when he put Adam in the garden "to dress and to keep it." Man must improve this world God has given him, or he loses it; it cannot be a blessed world to him. "Work while the day lasts." This is the direction for life to us all.

Christianity means business. No greater business than the Christian ministry was ever set up in the world. The Christian church means business. It is instituted to make men better, to elevate and humanize humanity, to make it Christlike and divine. If it would have prosperity, it must be alive all through, and living for something all the time. If it shows itself to be alive, others will be drawn to it. Its prosperity will depend in a great degree on its Christian business activity.

The Sunday School is a business institution. Every teacher and scholar should be a worker. The field is outside and inside the school; outside, in which to find new scholars, and inside, where they are to be gathered and cared for. Those who think that work in the Sabbath School is too small a business for them, will do well to look out and abroad, and see what this small business has accomplished, and what good it is doing wherever it is set up and in active operation. Our great working city has no business of more vital consequence than that of its Sunday Schools; and no considerate dweller here ought to think or to say, "It is none of my business." Come into it, my friend, if you have not, and it may prove one of the most profitable investments you have ever made. Try it and see. *J. G. A.*

——Mr. Joseph P. Hale, a resident of New York city, and a native of Bernardstown in this State, was so much pleased with what he had known of the good feeling of the five Christian sects in his native town towards each other,—the Unitarian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Methodist, and Universalist, that he lately forwarded five hundred dollars to be divided equally among the Sabbath Schools of the place, for the purchase of library books

A Great Privilege.

God grants to his children many privileges, more than most of these children thank him for. Among these privileges is that of praising him. We ought always to regard praise in this light. The Psalmist says, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

It is a privilege to be allowed to pray to God. Although he knows what things we need before we ask him, yet he blesses us in permitting us to make our wants known to him, and is more ready to bestow upon us the things which we pray for, if he sees we need them, than earthly parents are to give good gifts to their children. Children, remember that it is your privilege to pray to your Heavenly Father, just as much as it is for you to make your wants known to your father or mother at home. You would think it very hard if you did not dare to ask them for favors. God knows you will be happy in coming to him with your wants, and so he gives you the privilege of prayer.

All the service we render to our Heavenly Father is a privilege. Some people seem to think that they should not be religious if it were not for escaping punishment in another world or going into heaven there. They think that if God is finally to save everybody, there can be no reason why we should serve him here! What are such ones thinking about? Do they not know that being good and doing good is the best reward we can ever have, the best heaven we can ever know? God's service is a privilege—one of the greatest blessings in itself that we can conceive of. It is not *for* keeping God's commandments, but *in* keeping them that there is the greatest reward. We avoid hell and keep ourselves in heaven when we are working righteousness, when we are obeying God. Do not forget this, young reader.

A Very Old Book.

A great German scholar, Tischendorf, has been searching for thirty years to find some of the most ancient manuscripts of the New Testament. He has looked through all the great libraries of Paris, London and Switzerland, has been to Egypt, to Mt. Sinai, Jerusalem, Patmos, and the Convents of the Lybian desert. Ten years ago, while on a visit to Mt. Sinai, he saw, in a basket just ready to be burned as useless, a leaf or two of a very old manuscript, and on looking more attentively about the place he found to his great joy the oldest known copy of the whole Greek Bible, written probably in the Fourth century. It has been printed, and a copy of it, in four beautiful volumes, is in the library of the American Bible Society in New York.

One Family.

All men belong to one family; the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the strong and the weak. One God created them all. He "made of one blood all nations." They are related to each other, and for this reason should love each other and live in peace together. The God who made them loves them, and they ought for this reason to live together as brethren. This is what the Bible says. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another." We should have a peaceful and happy world if all would exercise this love.

The Sunday School and Church.

A friend to Sunday Schools lately wrote:—"I visited a school in New York where the Superintendent told me that for seven years at every communion Sabbath but one, there had been members of the school who united with the church. Once there were twenty-four, and frequently there were seven and eight. But few ministers have been so highly blest as this. Much of this good work was attributed to a devoted and faithful superintendent.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON LXXVIII

CHRIST WITH THE PUBLICANS.—PART I.

"Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees."

SCRIPTURE,—Luke xv: 1–10.

Question.—Who gathered to the Saviour?

Answer.—Luke xv: 1.

NOTE. Publicans were the Roman tax collectors. Some of them were wealthy enough to purchase the taxes of a whole province. They bought the taxes at a discount from the whole amount, and then made their money by collecting the whole tax. Some of them who did business only on a small scale, would purchase of the government or of the large dealers, the taxes of only a single town or a small district. As the Jews believed they were the favorites of heaven and that therefore they should be exempt from all subjection, denied the right of any foreign power to tax them. And they hated the publicans who collected the Roman taxes, especially because their presence was continually reminding them of their subjection to a foreign power. But Christ had come to save all, and to show that God is no respecter of nationality.

Q.—What did the Pharisees do when Christ associated intimately with the Publicans?

A.—Luke xv: 2.

Q.—With what parable did Jesus reply to their murmurings?

A.—Luke xv: 3, 4.

NOTE. The Hebrew pastures had no fences, and sheep might stray into distant and dangerous places, even with the greatest care from the shepherd.

Q.—What is the proportion of the lost to the whole number?

A.—Luke xv: 4.

Q.—How long does the shepherd seek his lost sheep?

A.—Luke xv: 4.

Q.—What does he do when he has found it?

A.—Luke xv: 5, 6.

Q.—What truth does Jesus enforce from this parable?

A.—Luke xv: 7.

Q.—What parable does Jesus next use in reply to the murmurs of the Pharisees?

A.—Luke xv: 8.

NOTE. The ancient houses were very poorly lighted and a lighted lamp was needful to find so small a thing as a coin.

Q.—How long does the woman seek for the coin?

A.—Luke xv: 8.

Q.—What does she do when she has found it?

A.—Luke xv: 9.

Q.—What truth does Jesus teach from this parable?

A.—Luke xv: 10.

Hidden Seed

Enigma No. 1.

My first is in well, but not in spring.
My second is in bell, but not in ring.
My third is in weak, but not in strong.
My fourth is in right, but not in wrong.
My fifth is in hot, but not in cold.
My sixth is in tell, but not in told.
My seventh is in curl, and also in curled.
My whole is something as old as the world.

Ida T. Smith.

Enigma No. 2.

1. The sun of Nun.
2. The land noted for gold.
3. The wife of Boaz.
4. A book of the Old Testament.
5. One of the Apostles.
6. One cleansed of a leper.

The river that was divided. *B. E. D.*

Answers.

MARCH 9. Humility.

THE MYRTLE

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